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P O E M

ON HER

Majesty's Birth-Day.

Printed for J. Taylor & Co., 10, St. Martin's Lane, London, W. and for J. B. Nichols & Co., 10, St. Martin's Lane, London, W. and for J. B. Nichols & Co., 10, St. Martin's Lane, London, W. and for J. B. Nichols & Co., 10, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.

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P O E M

ON HER

Mary's Birth-Day.

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P O E M
O N H E R

Majesty's Birth-Day.

By *S T E P H E N D U C K*.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *J. Jackson* in *Pallmall* ; and *T. Cooper* in *Pater-noster-Row* : Where
may be had a Poem on his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland's Birth-
Day, by the same Author. M,DCC-XXXV.

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ON HER

Majesty's Birth-Day.

BY STEPHEN DUCK



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P O E M

O N H E R

Majesty's Birth-Day.



Y O U the Monarch's Bliss, the Muse's Friend !

Accept the tribute Duty bids me send :

'Tis what the Bard shou'd long before have paid,
But fearful to aspire, has long delay'd.

Phæbus alone can *Phæbus*' Chariot guide,

The Youth who dar'd to drive it, daring dy'd.

B

My

My humble Muse can humble Subjects treat,
 But trembles to attempt a Theme so Great!
 Yet warm with Gratitude, wou'd fain display
 Her Zeal to you, on this auspicious Day.

To you! whose gracious Goodness plumes her Wings,
 By whom she lives, by whom inspir'd she sings;
 Long may she Celebrate your Sacred BIRTH;
 Long may you stay from Heav'n to bless the Earth:
 To Chear the Royal Sov'reign of our ISLE;
 Increase his Joys, or soften all his Toil,
 Who now, while Death in purple Triumph reigns,
 And sanguine Floods pollute the distant Plains,
 Watchful o'er *Britain's* Fate employs his Car,
 Or wisely to avert, or bravely meet the War.

O Glorious QUEEN! by Nature form'd to bring
 The sweetest Comfort to the Justest KING:
 Let proud Oppressors, who abuse their Pow'r,
 Hear groaning Subjects curse their natal Hour.

You,

You, on that happy Hour, may justly feast
 Your Soul with Thoughts of making Thousands blest'd ;
 Whose godlike Bounties, to the Wretched, show,
 You're only Pow'rful to relieve their Woe.

What tho' the Muse old Annals should explore,
 Mark all our Queens, and trace their Virtues o'er ?
 Where cou'd she find so much exalted Sense,
 Nobly employ'd like your's, in Truth's Defence ?
 You strive to make the Seeds of Virtue grow,
 To spread the Light which Heav'n reveal'd below :
 Yet, free from superstitious Zeal, incline
 To make the Rays of moral Goodness shine,
 Supporting those, who firm to Truth, defend
 That first fix'd Law, on which all Laws depend.

Beneath your Influence, Art and Science rear
 Their sacred Heads, and flourish by your Care ;
 This Truth let *Oxford's* pompous Dome proclaim,
 Which boasts the Honour of a * Royal Name ;

* Queen's College.

Lately your Bard survey'd the graceful Scene,
 Rising with Bounties of a Gen'rous QUEEN.
 O! had the Muse there fledg'd her Infant Wing,
 And early tasted of that learned Spring;
 She then had soar'd in more Heroic lays,
 In more majestic Numbers sung your Praise,
 But fearful now, must quit the glorious Theme,
 Must leave the Architect to speak your Fame,
 His Art, shall there, another *Athens* shew,
 And there, another GUARDIAN *Pallas* You.

F I N I S.

